



Salt Lake, Oct. 10, 1896.

Dear Hal:

This has been a week you would have revelled in; I am ending it up in a state of collapse, due to trying to distribute myself over every place where festivities have been going on. Conference week is to Salt Lake managers what Christmas week is to those of New York, the gladdest of all the glad years, and I am bound to say for them that they exerted themselves to furnish bills of fare that ought to have tickled the toughest conference palate going.

But for some reason, the conference palate is growing more and more obtuse, and this conference, though the throngs were here, they could not be tempted into the play houses in the old-time tumultuous way. It may be the hard times; it may be that the youth from Witter Creek and E. T. is growing bane, that city joys no longer allure him; or it may be that the rapidly multiplying "home company" which essays in the village opera house everything from the "Charcoal Burner" to "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," has spoiled his taste and given him a contempt for our city shows. Whatever the reason, the country people were not in evidence during the week, except at "meetings" and on the streets. On Monday night the tabernacle, the theater, the Grand and the Lyceum all had their tom-toms beating, but the various box offices did not have to hire any extra help to count up. The result everywhere may be summed up in the one word—fair. The crowds at the theater and the Grand have really been greater since conference ended than while it was on.

I need say little about "The Bowery Girl." It was trash, mush and foolery of the cheapest sort. It is distinctly encouraging that conference folk generally fought shy of it. I saw half an act and fled; straying to the tabernacle, where a quarter of a house (just 1:10 paid to get in, I am told) was assembled. I listened to a charming concert by the choir. That glorious body! I can never pall on me, even though it does have to leave home to obtain real recognition; but I could not keep from being struck by the distinct flavor of the out-of-the-forest chestnuts that arose from the programme. The "Soldiers' Chorus," "The Hallelujah," "The Infamist," "The Jewel Song"—surely Mr. Stephens, these faithful veterans have earned a rest! The surprise of the night was in the little Grand girl; her playing of the violin was astonishing. If it is true that she is only a beginner; if I mistake not, she has the spark of genius; may it receive the

No actress is better remembered in Salt Lake than beautiful Julia Marlowe, who four years ago quite set the town a-fire with her achievements. She is now Mrs. Taber, having married her leading man, who also left a most agreeable impression, and the two open a four night's engagement here tomorrow evening.

That the actress has lost none of the charm which distinguished her when she last appeared here, but that during the time which has elapsed, her hold upon her art has grown broader and stronger, seems to be conceded by public opinion in the east. Since her marriage to Robert Taber the two have developed a great deal of attention to new productions, and it is said that all their plays are now given with a more complete and satisfactory environment than those of any other Shakespearean stars in this country. While thus enhancing the beauty and value of the Shakespeare plays, it has always been their policy to bring out a new production each season. This year they produced a play by Elwyn A. Barron, founded on George Eliot's widely-read novel, "Romola." It is the first attempt to present upon the American stage a story of this celebrated novelist, whose books are didactic and philosophical as a rule. She has drawn many powerful and truthful character portraits, but a complete appreciation and enjoyment of them rather than to be obtained by patient and careful perusal of her minute descriptions and analyses, than by the fleeting glimpses one might hope to get of them on the stage. "Romola" perhaps lends itself to the dramatist's purposes with more felicity than most of her other stories. Touching its interpretation, it may be said that any new character essayed by Julia Marlowe Taber will command serious consideration and attention. Her art is too well recognized to require discussion now, and in the character of Romola she has an opportunity of portraying a role somewhat different from any other in which she has been seen before. As drawn by the novelist, Romola is a noble and winning figure, and that Julia Marlowe Taber's embodiment of the character should delight all auditors, is little more than might be expected. In Tito, Robert Taber has a part which does not address itself to the sympathies of the audience, but which requires intelligence and careful training to properly portray.

"As You Like It" will be the bill on Tuesday, "Romeo and Juliet" on Wednesday, "Much Ado About Nothing" on Thursday.

Steve Harland.....Walter Edwards  
Uncle Parhat.....George R. Edson  
Richard Ashcroft.....Fred J. Butler  
Tom Blossom.....S. S. Simpson  
Owen Hathaway.....Hugh Ford  
Ephraim.....H. D. Blakely  
Captain Hammond.....Charles Wynne  
Hiram Sloan.....George Penrose  
Hank Buster.....E. M. Roder  
May Blossom.....Adele Belgrade  
Deborah Blossom.....Jean Chamblin  
Mille.....Mamie Dupont  
Little May.....Jessie Conrad  
Little Yank.....Shirley Jones  
Old theatre-goers will hardly need to be told that this is the cast of "May Blossom," the play to be rendered during the coming week by the Grand

our stage was most creditable. The heir to an illustrious name, he was obliged to overcome all the disadvantages that that implies. His mastery of our language was quite remarkable, for it is rarely that one of the Latin race learns to pronounce English well enough to speak it acceptably on the stage.

Young Salvini's best work was accomplished while he was a member of Mr. Palmer's stock company. At the Madison Square theatre he gave several artistic and finished performances, notably in "Partners," "Jim the Penman," and the ill-fated piece by Mr. Howells called "A Foregone Conclusion."

When he became a star Mr. Salvini's artistic progress ceased. His temperamental restlessness and his repression associated with a good long

She also refused to pay for the 320 gallons she had used.

At the conclusion of this season, Mr. Charles Frohman will send "Secret Service" to London, with a complete American cast. Since its production at the Garrick on Monday night, two London managers have made offers for the piece, but Mr. Frohman thinks it will be to his interest to take it over himself. Mr. Gillet's earlier war play, "Held by the Enemy," was played in London by an American company and had a great success.

Mr. Frohman also proposes to send an American company to Australia to present "The Gay Parisians." This play, under the title of "A Night Out," is now running in London. Mr. Frohman will start for Chicago



ROBERT TABER.

apprenticeship under a capable manager and stage director.

Personally, Salvini is a charming fellow—a delightful companion and a dramatic enthusiast—and the bad news from his home in Italy has awakened a lively sense of sympathy among those that know him here—Mirror.

The sad death of the brilliant Du Maurier will revive interest in "Trilby," which perhaps was slightly waned. The same company which presented the play here en route to Australia minus Wilton Lackaye, will visit us next, on its way east, and Mr. Lackaye's role, that of Svengali, will be assumed by a well known actor, Mr. Kent. Edith Crane is still the O'Farrell.

Augustus Cook, whose virile and vigorous portrayal of the Emperor Napoleon in "Sans Gene" is one of the husband of favorite actors in Salt Lake, Madge Carr Cook. The fact, however, would never be known from any allusion ever made by either, for the reason that they are in a condition not at all strange to the dramatic profession—living apart. No divorce was ever obtained; it is a simple case of separation. During the recent run of "Sans Gene" in San Francisco, where Madge Cook is also playing in the Pringle company, the two frequently met—it is said that they were quarreling at the same table—but it is only met as the most distant sort of strangers.

The dramatic writer of The Herald has received a handsome volume, entitled "Famous American Actors of Today," edited by Frederic Edwards. The volume contains a list of the contents will show the richness of the material and the uniqueness of the sources. Joseph Jefferson, by Edward King, author of "Joseph Zerkowah," "The Golden Spike," and other novels; Mme. Januszek, by Phil Hild, critic and essayist, and Boston correspondent Musical Courier; Edwin Booth, by Henry A. Clapp, critic, essayist and biographer of Lowell Institute; Max Anderson, by John L. Barry, Lawrence Barrett, by E. E. Woolf, musical critic Boston Herald; Mme. Modjeska, by Charles E. L. Wingate, author of "Shakespeare's Heroes," and Boston correspondent The Critic; Dion Boucicault, by Vance Thompson, critic of New York Commercial Advertiser; Fanny Davenport, by Jay B. Benton, Boston correspondent New York Dramatic Mirror; J. Lester Wallace, by Julius Magnus, dramatic manager, dramatic critic, and author of "The Theatre," and Sol Smith Russell, by William T. Adams (Oyster Office), author "Soldier Boy Series," "Young America Abroad Series," etc. The volume makes a concise encyclopedia of dramatic biography, but the authors have laid themselves out to be entertaining, and it is full of stage gossip. The portraits are carefully reproduced and add great value to the biographical details. The volume of theatrical art will find it a repository of most interesting information.

Two of Salt Lake's most popular workers in amateur and semi-professional circles have decided to locate in pastures new for a time, if not for good and all. Mrs. Jennie Hawley Woodrow, one of our leading contraltos, has gone to San Francisco, where her husband now makes his headquarters, and this morning Miss Julia Dean leaves for New York, with a view to entering the dramatic profession. The two ladies have several letters of introduction to Frohman and other New York managers, and if on no other account, the fact that she is the niece of the renowned Julia Dean Hayne is sure to obtain her a hearing.

A Herald dispatch from New York says:

Anna Held, the French singer, was seized yesterday with papers in a suit brought by a Long Island milkman. The demand is for \$4, alleged to be due for milk delivered at the hotel for Miss Held. When Miss Held arrived in New York she requested her manager to provide her every other day with forty gallons of milk for bathing purposes. Mr. Seifried made a contract for the quantity at the rate of 50 cents a gallon. Miss Held had used 320 gallons, when she says she discovered that it was not fresh and lapsed the quantity at the rate of 50 cents a gallon. She ordered the dairymen to cease serving the milk.

this evening to visit the Empire Theatre stock company, which will produce a new play, "A Man and His Wife," in that city next week.

In the near future Professor Daynes' pupils will give a recital in the tabernacle. Both the pipe organ and a piano will be the instruments used, and Mr. H. S. Goddard and Miss Mary Romney will be the vocalists of the occasion.

The following programme is announced for the concert to be given at Rowland hall by Miss Gratia Finander tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of Rowland Hall: Grand duo, "Bouranne," Weber-Ravina; Miss Allie Miller and Miss Finander.

Male chorus, "Annie Laurie," arr. D. Buck, Harmon Glee club. Piano Solo—A. La Fontaine, Lysberg; b. "Valse E Minor," Chopin; Mr. Spencer Clawson, Jr.

Baritone solo, "The Seasons," F. F. Daynes; Mr. Horace Ensign. Piano solo—A. "Magic Fire Scene," Wagner-Velt; b. "Dinorah," Hoffmann; Miss Geneva Ellerbeck.

Vocal, "Judith," Concone; Mrs. Chas. Plummer. Male chorus, "Gay Hearts," F. C. Macy; Harmony Glee club.

Concertstück, op. 49, Chaminade; Miss Geneva Ellerbeck. Orchestral part on second piano, Miss Planders.

Stage Whispers.

Thomas W. Keene is 55. Augustus Thomas has written a comedy for Digby Bell.

E. S. Willard is visiting Hail Caine on the Isle of Man.

W. F. Tooker is again singing at the Tivoli in San Francisco.

J. E. Dodson has been presented with a gold cigar case which once belonged to John Broughman.

Harold Russell leaves his wife and child in Salt Lake. Mrs. Russell (Ada Dwyer) may join him in New York later.

A choice of a successor to the late Frank Mayo in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" has at length settled down upon Theodore Hamilton.

St. Henry Irving intends to revive "The Iron Chest," "The Gamester," "The Stranger," "Coriolanus," and "Julius Caesar."

Christine Nielson is living in Madrid. Her bedroom walls are papered with leaves of music from the operas in which she has sung.

Ellen Terry has been compelled to adopt eye-glasses while on the stage. Her nervous trouble is accountable for a failing strength of sight—Mirror.

Brigham Royce is a sort of Baroque's ghost—he will not "do" it. He bobs up, as a member of the "Tribby" company which visits us on the 21st.

The "Prisoner of Zenda" is running at the Baldwin theatre, San Francisco. Hackett, the new leading man, and Isabel Irving are heading the company.

Charles H. Hoyt's next farce will illustrate the misadventures of a non-resident debtor under Massachusetts law, and Harry Conner is to have the principal role.

"Two Men of Business," by Henry Guy Carleton for the Holland brothers, by Luther Lee, Chicago, and so will be tried first in Chicago, and so will be "The Fool," by Martha Morton for William H. Crane.

James O'Neill says his audiences are largely composed of the intelligent working classes, and he has never known business so poor as during the recent financial uncertainty throughout the country.

A Berlin paper reports the discovery of a new terror "on whom great hopes are based." He is an American, Friedrich Carlen, educated in Germany, and who has been engaged for the President's opera and for two of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, now under the direction of Mr. Nikisch.

A gentleman who has not attended the theatre for some time before last evening said the "Sans Gene" company deserved special credit for bringing out its own orchestra. He was considerably surprised to learn that the orchestra was composed of home players, under Mr. Wehe. The musicians have done excellent work all the week.

C. D. SCHETTLER.

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Good smooth jersey double cape, 27 inch wide, trimmed with jet and braid, at \$2.

Splendid Persian lamb capes, a great bargain indeed, at \$2.50.

Beautiful silk plush capes, embroidered all around, large collar edged.

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If you live out of Salt Lake be sure and take advantage of this Bargain Event. Send in your orders; they will be filled at once, and correctly, with a guarantee of satisfaction or your money refunded.

**The Lace House,** 128-130 S. Main Street, Salt Lake City

**SALT LAKE THEATRE. FOUR NIGHTS, Beginning MONDAY, OCT. 12.**

CHARLES S. BURTON, Manager. Curtain at 8:15 p. m., sharp.

**MONDAY NIGHT, = ROMOLA,**  
By Elwyn A. Barron.  
Founded on George Eliot's Novel.

**WEDNESDAY NIGHT, = Romeo and Juliet**

**TUESDAY NIGHT, = As You Like It.**

**THURSDAY NIGHT, = Much Ado About Nothing.**

Prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, 50c., 25c.

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**WESTERN HARDWARE CO.**

Than they have ever done before.

**ROBBERY THE MOTIVE.**

A prominent fruit grower in California called to his door and shot dead.

SUISUN, Cal., Oct. 10.—Daniel H. Wilson, a prominent fruit grower of Solano county, was called to the door of his residence near this city last night by an unknown assassin and shot through the brain, dying instantly. Wilson took a large sum of money home with him from the city last night, and it is supposed that robbery was the motive for the crime.

When the stomach and bowels are wrong, what seems a mere trifle, blocks the whole system. Every part of the body feels the effects of a little constipation. The head aches, the mouth tastes bad; the stomach is distressed, the liver is congested and torpid; you feel sluggish and miserable and down-hearted; the energies are completely paralyzed—all for want of a little help to regulate the stomach and bowels. What you want is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They will make you regular and keep you so; they act in a comfortable, natural way, not violently but surely. They give the intestines power to move naturally; and also tone the stomach and liver. You don't become a slave to their use, they cure you so you stay cured. If a druggist makes more money on some violent purging pill he may try to sell it to you. Don't let him.

**Hewlett Bros' Three Crown spices** are put up in quart, half, one and six pound cans, also ten pound boxes. Refuse all others, these are home ground and retain their full strength.

**Auction! Auction!**

On Thursday, Oct. 15, at 10:30 a. m., at No. 16 West First Street, McCornick block, over three thousand dollars in the furniture, carpets, sofas, bedding, consisting of twenty fine oak bedroom sets, some oval mirrors, fine folding bed, twenty of the very best mattresses, silver leaf springs, twenty fine oak center tables, some brass trimmed, fine large extension table and other tables, organ, cost \$150 not used one week, base burner and other stoves, lot of toilet sets, ward-

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Which include the best makes, and at prices that will sell.

Remember, this is a genuine selling out of all the Merchandise, and not an advertising dodge.

**OSCAR W. MOYLE,**  
Receiver.

**STEREOTYPING AT THE HERALD**



JULIA MARLOWE TABER.

care that will kindle it into a flame, is the sincere wish of yours that Miss Peterson's band was quite reminding of Sousa. Let us hope it will never split on the rocks of unionism and anti-unionism, as I am informed there is some danger of its doing.

I have been in the seventh heaven for three days over "Sans Gene." I haven't enjoyed anything so much as dear old Mayo left us. Kidder would disappoint you. For the first five minutes you are thunderstruck that that undeniably plain, very angular, decidedly bony lady should be this wildly famed Kathryn. Then it begins to dawn on you that you've never seen anything exactly like her before; then you begin to yield to a sense of fascination, pretty soon you realize that she is doing a rare piece of character work; that she is unique, breezy, original, and then it bursts on you that she is an admirable artist, and you think no more of good looks. Cook's Napoleon—how I wish you could have seen the man we always agree was the greatest character in history, ancient or modern—the propriety person, striding on two legs, wearing that fearful lock of hair, giving his commands in the voice that shook thrones and made empires totter. I always heard that this Mr. Cook was one of the rarest character actors on the American stage, and you can believe it. Another figure you would have delighted in, was the sturdy Marshal Lefebvre of Hal Russell. When he appeared here with his wife last summer in a serious skit, Hal did not show what he could do; in the marshal he is a picture, clean and clear-cut as a cameo, and looking vastly handsomer in that mammoth military hat, than that he would loom in the parquette; I wonder some society belle hasn't thought of it.

The people at the Grand have been pursuing their even tenor with a serious play and a wildly hilarious farce, "Turned Up" is really too absurd to be reviewed—but I defy anyone to keep from laughing at it. The people continue improving—but there's room.

MARGE.

company. "May Blossom" is one of the old popular "stand-bys" and is always good for floods of tears and roars of laughter. In view of the heavy attraction at the theatre, probably nothing stronger in the way of a revival could have been hit on by Manager Rogers.

The theatre wound up a very satisfactory week last night. The fourth performance of "Sans Gene" drew a handsome audience—one little short of remarkable, considering the heavy audience which had preceded it. The appreciation was of the most intense order, particularly for the work of Miss Kidder, Mr. Cook and Mr. Russell, and last, but not least, for the general magnificence of the production. Mr. Russell especially feels a special pride that "Sans Gene" in Salt Lake, "his own town," discounts the business done by either Drew or the Empire stock company.

The theatre matinee was slimly attended, as everyone knew it would be; at reduced prices people would have been turned away.

At the Grand there was an immense audience, and at the horse show, which closed last night, a fairly good one.

John S. Lindsay, the veteran thespian, is a member of "The American Girl" company, which comes to the Lyceum on Wednesday evening. This play was seen at the theatre six months ago at \$1 rates, and is chiefly remembered on account of two clever children who are still in the cast. The company is under the management of J. P. Howe.

Alexander Salvini's malady is incurable and its fatal termination must be expected at an early day. The Mirror's correspondent at Rome has positive information that his illness is due to intestinal tuberculosis.

It is not likely, therefore, that America will ever see this handsome young actor again. His career upon